

EMMA CORBETT .

or the Miseries of

CIVIL WAR

The Fourth Edition

VOL. III

L O N D O N

Printed for R. BALDWIN Pater Noster Row

A N D

Pratt and Clinch BATH .

Phyſic.



EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER XCIX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

UNgrateful Emma! perverse and
insensate child! You merit nei-
ther the pangs you cost me, nor the
tendernefs you receive from me. I
gave you a reason cogent enough to
have weaned a *worthy* girl from a
thousand Hammonds. To that I
might have added the sudden depar-
ture of a generous friend, who I *now*

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B

tell

tell you (for I *can* hold no longer) would have laid his fortune at your feet. This, indeed, you must have seen, since nothing but the most extreme stupidity could remain ignorant of those attentions which, for many weeks past, have been lavished upon you by Sir Robert Raymond, a man, oh inconsiderate! who saved thy aged father in the very crisis of his misfortunes; and, too delicate to demand as a debt the tender returns of love, which he would have sued for as a favour, is gone, almost broken-hearted, away. I had promised to *conceal* his confidence, but you extort it from me: nay, you continue still to doat upon the wretch who is fighting against all the best and dearest connexions

nexions of your family. I will not endure it. You assume the language of decision, and call it the sentiment of reason. You set yourself up as a judge, and lift your woman's voice against the sacred principles of patriot and parent. It is not to be borne. Let me hear no more on the subject. Cease your threats about daggers, darts, and death. I look down upon such romance. Forbear to urge me. You are not to learn the touches of my temper. *My principles* are not less sacred than *your passion*. *Your principles!* What are they? Airy nothings. *Mine* are the solemn affections of a lover of his country, and a detester of its oppressors, a *detester of Henry Hammond!* Why will you drive

me to this? I know nothing of his wounds; but if he has *received some*, there is reason to suppose he has *given more*: at least his bloody endeavours cannot have been wanting, and every one is in the bosom of your father's native land. Your affection is that of a girl whimpering after a boy. Is this an affection to be brought in competition with that glorious fire which the love of liberty, and an abhorrence (as settled as it is sublime) of rights usurped and faith broken? Is your puerile, yet headstrong inclination worthy to be brought into consideration with the passion that fills the breast, and fires the soul, of your afflicted and offended father,

CHARLES CORBETT?

EMMA CORBETT.

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LETTER C.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THE characters of my pen will discover to you the condition of my heart. Sicknefs, sorrow, distraction, and despair, are the apologies I have to offer for silence. Do not grieve for the news you sent, or rather that you sent me such news. It inspires a thought whose influence cheers me; but I want health. Oh that I could recover!—that I could gain but a little strength!

Enough. Writing will exhaust me. I must nurse myself. A new cause of sorrow too! Sir Robert Raymond

B 4

has——

has——Generous man! how I feel
for him!

Louisa, adieu. Pray for my recovery, I conjure you. I would use it to a worthy purpose. I would apply it, as every gift of God *ought* to be applied.

Louisa, farewell.

EMMA.

LETTER

EMMA CORBETT.

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LETTER CI.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

THE news of the day——oh, how shall I relate it! The rebels, as they are called, have cut to pieces the greatest part of ——: And yet this is mere newspaper report. Henry perhaps may be amongst those who escaped the slaughter.

I cannot support these strokes. I will enquire no more. Let us hope. —Despair would kill me.

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R CII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

IT is sufficient. Let our researches cease. God Almighty bless my Louisa and her babe! Heaven's pity and protection be upon them! Emma, bent on her knee, offers this prayer to her Maker. It is her legacy. It is her last leave of love and sisterhood.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

*

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER CIII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

O RAYMOND, Raymond! my oldest friend, my truest companion! Pity, ah pity the anguish of a father—pity a parent whose persecutions have driven away his child! Emma hath eloped. Heaven knows where she has wandered. Under pretence of visiting a friend near town, she went in one of the public stages, with intent, as she said, to return in the evening. The friend whom she *pretended* to visit was Mrs. Arnold of Richmond, on whom she had often called in a neighbourly way. I remained therefore perfectly unalarmed till twilight. A tempest
of

of thunder and lightening happening about nine o'clock, I sent over a servant to Mrs. Arnold's, imagining she might be afraid to come through it alone. The servant returned from Mrs. Arnold with news that Emma called there for a few minutes by way of morning ride, but went away in a great hurry. It was near midnight before I received these horrid tidings, and then I ordered my horses to be harnessed, and went at full speed to every house where the stages set up. The people were all in bed, and I obtained answers to my questions with difficulty. None were satisfactory. I traversed the streets in a distracted manner; for, oh, you know how I doat upon Emma! I could
not

not give the coachman any direction, and he continued dragging me about; but I bid him go any where rather than to my own house. No trace—no clue—no glimmering of hope! Hard-hearted girl! What though I urged her to forget the ungenerous Henry, am not I her father? But I will be calm, I will cut her from my affections for ever. I am just got home. It is day-break. The servants are all dispersed to hunt after a runaway girl. What a dreadful morning! The hemisphere is all in a blaze!—The wind blows hard!—The firmament opens its flaming breast!—I see into its bowels. I am sitting all alone. Oh, my heart, what a thunder-clap was there!—It is now rolling
along

along the sphere. Oh Emma, Emma, my daughter—my child—my darling—where, where art thou? Another! WONDER-WORKING GOD! Behold a contrite parent upon his knees, lame and decrepid as he is, to supplicate a covering for the beloved fugitive. Perhaps, Raymond, our poor disconsolate—the mutual joy of our hearts—perhaps some sudden stroke of—— I dare not turn imagination that horrible way. No, no: Emma is at last disobedient, she is base, she has abused her father, she——

Wherefore do not my servants return? Villains, how dare they sport with a sorrow like mine? They know not what it is to be a parent!

Alas!

Alas! I rave. They have not been long gone from me, and were they *already* to come back, I should banish them from my presence for ever. I know not what I would have. I only know, Oh Raymond, that the universe cannot contain a more unhappy man than

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CIV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

AS your letter arrived, I was about to send to you an express. I have heard from Emma. Oh, my friend, you must arm yourself with fortitude. The post brought me the inclosed about an hour before dark. Emma lives, is recovering—for the rest, prepare yourself. Prepare yourself to hear of fidelity, heroism, and resolution, which claim admiration, even from us whom they afflict, whatever be their issue.

I perceive that the present state of your mind, my dear unhappy Corbett,

too

too much resembles my own, for my company to serve you. Let us try the force of separate reflection.

Read the letter of our beloved wanderer, and tell me what is to be done!

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CV.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.*

SIR,

I CLAIM the assistance of a man whom I know to be generous, who honours me with his esteem, and whom I venerate for the ancient friendship that has long united our families. By the powerful force of *all* these feelings, I conjure you, on the receipt of this letter, to visit my father. Assure him that his dear, dear image lives unimpaired in my heart. Tell him that my absenting myself in this manner is not the truant trick of a girl who triumphs in the vexation

* The Inclosure from Emma.

vexation of a parent, but proceeds from a motive most virtuous, most irresistible, most conscientious—from a duty that appeals to my heart, my senses, and my soul. O let him not think that I *glory* in the necessity which takes me one moment from *him*. I lament, I weep, I mourn over it. I could wish that each duty went hand in hand, and that some of their objects did not lie so wide apart from others. Superior to every deceit, I would have consulted my father even on the present measure, but he will recollect the terror into which his late conversations threw me, and will then be convinced how impossible it was to risque such an eclairessment. Yet even now I will forbear to justify

my departure, because I would suffer some reproach myself, rather than try to establish an irregular example. But the Power who is giving me strength to sustain the great business I am about to undertake, has placed in my bosom something which reconciles me to the enterprize. Oh Sir Robert, there is a duty which *must* be performed—at least attempted. Nature, reason, honour, and faith the most hallowed, all stir within me; nay God himself, at the marking of whose awful name I bow, seems looking down from his heaven of heavens with approbation. I may seem to be romantic, when I mean only to shew myself sincere. All sort of research will be vain. I would not have yielded to the least semblance

semblance of a scheme, which is most terrible to my nature, could it by any means have been avoided. My father will call to mind certain sentiments, and do me justice in his own dear bosom on this occasion.

Sir Robert Raymond, I ever desired to be uniform, and to reconcile the distinct parts of my conduct with the whole. Yet I will bear up against the charge of impropriety in this one instance for the sake of ——— but further explanation is unnecessary. Go then, oh amiable mediator betwixt parent and child—go, and plead my cause in all the eloquence of friendship. Obtain for me the paternal pardon—sustain his

heart, and do not leave him a prey to sorrow.

Excuse my forbearing to give you my address. **Pity** the concealments which are thus imposed. Be it sufficient that I will continue to send you accounts of myself at every opportunity.

Oh, farewell!

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CVI.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOUR letter, Sir Robert, with its dear and dreadful inclosure, came to hand. It is now before my eyes, which are streaming in penitence for the phrenzy which has banished my daughter. I now behold the whole matter too plain. Oh, my friend, I treated the most dutiful of children with unwonted harshness, and in the patriot I extinguished the parent. I expected that a soul like Emma's should circumscribe itself within the pale of politics. Curse on the rage of party! Execrated be the tyrannies of war! Ah what are cau-

ses, countries, worlds, to the loss of one dear child, adorned with the virtues of Emma Corbett! Blind, doating zeal! what hast thou to do with an old man's heart? What, with the sacred season of the silver hair? Is mine an age to engage in these tumultuous subjects? No. I should have taken my darling daughter to my bosom, and with an enlarged benevolence prayed fervently for the returning embrace of a divided people. *That* would have been true patriotism and true philanthropy. Instead of which, dolt and dotard as I was, I mixed with hot-headed giddiness in the affray. I interested myself in every fugitive breath of vague intelligence; and, while I talked of justice,

justice,

justice, I was encouraging slaughter; wholly forgetting, or too blood-thirsty to remember, that either army is composed of kindred and of countrymen. Behold Raymond, how I am punished! But where, where all this time is Emma? No date! No address! A young creature unfriended, alone, of a delicate frame, and harrassed by fatigue! *Sick* also! Never used to travel unattended—Oh heaven! But she will return. The thought makes me easier. Let me indulge it. How tender will I be to her—with what fondness will I hang upon her neck, and hide her blushes in my bosom—how will I talk—how soothe—how console her—oh I will kiss her into confidence

and composure. I will even converse —(pardon me Sir Robert, pardon the effusions of a repenting heart)—I will even converse upon her darling theme.—The name of Henry shall be mentioned, and if it does her good, not without tenderness, Alas! what has the youth done, but—— Yes, yes, Emma will return. She must. She shall. The slender and trembling thread of my being is sustained by no other hope.

I have sent advertisements to the papers, inviting her home, describing person, circumstances, and situations, but concealing names. I have dispatched various messengers to all the ports to have her tenderly intreated, almost

almost cordially *controuled*, should her romantic nature——for oh I suspect she meditates——Was there ever any thing so wild—But she will never be able to carry it into execution, and I will not even suppose it practicable. She will return. I shall recover the treasure of my age. But the interim is anguish—oh, hasten my friend to soften it. I am sick, and Emma is not at my side. I see her not at the harpsichord—I hear not her enchanting voice—I contemplate not her lovely features—all, all the exact images of her dear mother—her mother! who would shudder in her grave were she——

A servant

A servant enters to tell me there is nothing but her own little money-box missing. Her cloaths are all above stairs. I dare not go to look at them. I dare not open the door of her chamber. It would certainly be my death.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R C V I I .

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

I AM not sorry you found it inconvenient to meet me. Objects of gloom, I know are intolerable to you. Castleberry at present affords little else. I used, my friend, to fly from these as assiduously as yourself. Yet now they are become very dear. I love the solitude which this scene affords me. It was lately adorned by the society of Emma. Ah elegant and hapless girl! She has not only eloped, but engaged me to justify the step she has taken to her father. Oh Frederick, her language is so sweet, her power over me so resistless,

resistless, and her firm affection for this happy Hammond, this heroic rival so respectable, that my whole soul yields implicit obedience to the very desires which involve me in despair! What, of things possible, would I not do to secure to her but one moment's happiness? Alas! my friend, sincerely as I know you love me, I dare not tell you all that I intend to do. Yet consider a young creature about to venture on the wild and uncertain ocean, moved by a sacred impulse in favour of a worthy lover, who himself left a blooming mistress, whose society he consents to sacrifice to his country. Consider also this lover, as one who is the choice of Emma, and is every way

way suitable to her in person as in age.

When you have maturely weighed these circumstances, then tell me what at *my* age and under *my* circumstances I ought to do. My friend, no man knows what virtue or what energy there is in him till after the hour of serious exertion.

There is a project, Berkley, rolling in my mind, and if on a little more reflection I can reconcile it wholly to the dictate that uniformly sways me, I shall undertake something that will excite your *ridicule*. But for any thing of that kind I shall be prepared. I have only two great powers

powers to consult, my reason and my conscience. What they inspire can never be laughed away. Laugh then, but do not forget that your mirth is at the expence of a friend who is seriously unhappy.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CVIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

PORTSMOUTH.

I AM writing in a common public-house at this town, from whence in about half an hour I shall set off for America. I am resolved to perform this voyage at all hazards. Do not, dear Louisa, accuse me of wanting confidence because I did not acquaint you with my design. I could never support the idea of involving a friend in the perils of a trust, which may produce altercation in the issue. When the soul is settled in its plan, it is useless to ask advice; and to enjoin secrecy in any family matter, is generally

generally to embroil the person entrusted with some part of it or another.

The haste and agitation in which I write is not to be expressed. The house is crouded with sailors and their parting friends. I am equipped with a proper disguise. No matter what embarrassments I have had to procure or to put it on. The wind does not allow me leisure for descriptions. I am going as a cabin passenger in a vessel called the *Henry*. The very sound of the name affects me with a sweet superstition. A boat is coming from the ship to take me on board, and the captain is already here, pouring brandy down his throat

as if it were so much water. I *sport* thus with circumstances to take all your grief away upon my account, O my beloved sister; for you see I am equal to the task. The boatmen appear. They tell me the gales are favourable. The first view of the ocean is awful. But it leads to Henry.

Adieu. The mariners are impatient. They call me *fair-weather* sailor, which is a joke levelled purely at my complexion; but they have no suspicion of Emma. Oh, farewell! They hurry me. I must fold up the letter—I must bid you *indeed* adieu.

EMMA.

LETTER CIX.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

FREDERICK, I am now resolved. Away selfish weakneses—away all that is unbecoming the period of my life! Come onward ye powers of more suitable attachment! Come divinest image of graceful and honourable FRIENDSHIP!—come and possess me wholly!

Berkley, I have made up my mind, and it is easier. My spirit settles. I recover from the giddiness of passion, and rise to more disinterested joys, in which the appetites have no share.

Adieu,

Adieu, my friend. I am preparing again for sea. You guess my destination. I follow the fortunes of the incomparable Emma in her tender pilgrimage o'er the waves. There, by this time, floats the fair and faithful fugitive. My servant is packing up. —Oh, let me go catch the disconsolate Corbett by the hand, and linger not another moment.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CX.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOU were scarce gone twenty minutes, my most generous Raymond, ere a letter came to hand by private conveyance—a letter, my friend, whose contents—oh Sir Robert, I sink under the double conflict of delight and of despair.

Inexplicable Providence! I have yet a son. Edward still lives. At this tumultuous moment I am dropping the father's tear upon the blessed paper that presents the news. Oh for some few months of firmer health! This unmitigable disorder, which chains me to the chamber and the chair

chair! Go then, my friend—go, most admirable! most excellent! fly to my children! Ah, that a parent's heart-heaved sighs could speed your vessel on its way! God give it swiftness! Haply you may yet see, and yet save, my children.

Oh, if you should——

——forgetting all agony, I have dropped involuntarily upon my knee to enforce the prayer——

Oh, if you should, I conjure you to exert yourself! Tell Emma I relent. I yield to her pleading softness—I am no more the mad patriot—I am henceforth all the parent! Tell Edward

D 3

that

that I adore his virtue, but tremble for his life! Tell him, enough of civil blood will be shed without swelling the current by any stream from his veins. Bid him then yield up the—— Ah heaven! what am I about to say—he *cannot* remain neuter. All things forbid it—his honour—his principles—his life—his soul—his country!

—What, Raymond, shall I do, and whither shall I turn? What are my late misfortunes to compare with these? My son and my daughter both—*both* taken from me! Yet go, my friend. This follows you by express. If I never see you more, farewell for ever.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R C X I.

EDWARD CORBETT TO HIS FATHER.

AFTER having been thirteen months agonized amongst the wounded, and more than once considered as the prize of death, I am at length able to write a few lines to acquaint you that I exist; by which information, I flatter myself I shall make a father, a sister, and a friend, most happy. The arm and shoulder, which were wounded, are at length cured without amputation, but the half of the left cheek is gone. These tidings I had caused to be conveyed to England long since, by letters sent at different opportunities, by various

D 4 means.

means of conveyance; but as I have not received your replies, I fear either those miscarried, or mine have never reached you. Indeed, war puts a dreadful stop to this branch of communication, although the only one which can relieve the pains of so perilous an absence.

WASHINGTON offers me the means of future retreat and inactivity, in consideration, I suppose, of my scars. But I am now too far engaged to accept this with any honour. I wish it may be no more necessary to fire; and they *talk* indeed of peace, but there is no real prospect of such a blessing being at hand. I fought, at first, in my own defence, and must, I fear,
con-

continue to do so still. The English persist to call those cowards whom they prove to be men, and feel to be heroes. To-morrow I shall once more fix the bayonet, and shoulder the musket. *Every* man fights in this country; we arm not for pay but for property, not for the wages of war, but for liberty and life.

Wherefore does my old friend Henry stay idling at home,

“Now half the Youth of Europe are in Arms?”

Why does he not take one side or the other, as principle directs? He was wont to maintain with me warm disputes in favour of Great-Britain, but by this time his opinion must be changed, and the cause of America
must

must be dear to him, were it only in respect of her youth, her bravery, and her misfortunes. Tell him I should be glad to receive him here—to receive him, in that case, as a brother; and on those conditions, too, we will both return one day or another, and enjoy the fruits of a double marriage; for notwithstanding your resistance, my father, I must still remind you that I have a heart only for Louisa. God send all together, happy, of one mind, and in one house: I care not in what kingdom or in what country.

EDWARD CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I WAS mounting my horse as your letter and its inclosure (which I return to a father's throbbing bosom) arrived. I took my foot from the stirrup, to read, to weep, and to rejoice.

Oh, Mr. Corbett, you ought never to despair. The Power who could raise your son almost from amongst the dead, and who was indeed dead long since in the imagination of his family, may yet preserve to you a daughter.

How

How all the links of this dear connecting chain cling together! It is surely the hand of Providence which rivets each. I here devote myself an humble instrument, and hasten to prove the sentiments I profess. Be comforted. My ever dear Corbett, be comforted; and farewell.

- ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

L E T T E R C X I I I .

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

I AM an old man, in a sad, sick chamber, without any human being to smoothe the thorny pillow. Oh Louisa, Louisa, I am bereft of all! Leave for a little while your house, and hasten to mine. I now fondly approximate every person who has been dear to any part of my family, and who hath had more claim to our tenderness than the sister of Henry? Yet let me not forget in my sorrow to tell you of one joy that sparkles in the cup of bitterness which is allotted me to drink. My son Edward lives, and he mentions Louisa Hammond
not

not coldly! Come and let us talk of him together. All ambitious views are worn from my heart. Renew your gentle hopes, and fear not to avow them. Ah that Henry and Edward were both safe from the calamities of war, and both within the reach of these paternal arms! Oh you know not the pain in which I write. Come then, if the father of Edward—the yet existing Edward—be estimable.

CHARLES CORBETT.

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER CXIV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

PROVIDENCE and GOD! What have I read! Is it not vision! Is it not delirium! Is it not the vapour of the soul for ever painting its idol image! Edward alive! Oh the poor Emma! the generous Henry! the godlike Edward! You have transported me. I know not what I write. Ease me, satisfy me. I cannot bear it. I am in heaven! I am distracted.

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXV.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

WHAT would I not give to recall the heedless thing I have committed to the post? A servant has been to the office to recall it, but it is gone. In the hurry of my heart I have abruptly told what should have been opened by the gentlest gradations. But if you are greatly afflicted, it will, I trust, be of a joyful nature, and produce no mischief.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

EMMA CORBETT.

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LETTER CXVI.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

I AM commissioned by a friend, on whose veracity I can depend, to impart a piece of news to my Louisa, which is delightful as unexpected. It is foreign news, and America has some sort of connexion with it; but I cannot be more explicit till I know what present health you are in possession of, since the least alarms are not to be hazarded in a state like yours.

Tell me that you are very stout, and you shall hear more.

I am sorry my business detains me so long from you. It is nearly finished,
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shed, and then I shall be wholly at your service.

For Emma, what can I say, but that she is a glorious girl?

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

LETTER

LETTER CXVII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

IT is every way confirmed. The pleasure is too mighty—my very brain turns with transport! Yes, I will fly to your chamber—I will fly to my *father*. Oh prepare, prepare to receive another daughter, for I am—
—I am—how shall I speak it—I am no more the widow, but the WIFE of Edward—And we have a *son*. I will bring him under my arm. I cannot explain—I am too happy. *Should* I not be happy! My husband lives, and his father at length acknowledges

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

O H my child, my child! my arms
are open.—Let them embrace
and own you without delay.

The coach shall be at your door
early in the morning, and convey you
to—a parent in

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

L E T T E R C X I X .

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I WRITE, sitting on the side of Louisa's bed. She cannot have the pleasure to attend you at present, being suddenly taken ill.

Do not therefore think of sending your coach till you hear further from

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

LETTER CXX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I TROUBLE not my dear father with relating the dangers of the sea, the tempests which have deformed its bosom, nor the various inconveniences I have experienced since I lost sight of every object I had been accustomed to behold. My soul has been too intently occupied with what I have left, and with what I am in search of, to afford any sensations of common fear or common curiosity.

I cast the eye of steady attachment over this undulating world, and imagine myself guarded from all the ordinary

dinary dangers of the ocean, by the protecting Power who proportions my spirits to the toils they undergo.

I escape suspicion from the crew. I write without knowing the time I may be able to send. The unsteady motion of the vessel distorts the characters of my pen: so do not attribute to distress of heart what is the effect of mere situation.

Adieu; oh, adieu. Of every letter I will send duplicates, that no chance may be lost to ease your suspense.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER CXXI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

ACCIDENT favours me. I trace the footsteps of Emma. I am now in the house from which she lately departed. On my arrival here I overheard some sailors upon the quay reading aloud one of your advertisements, after which two of them swore it must mean the fair-looking boy who lodged a few nights ago at the ship, and sailed in the Henry letter of marque. I caught at this, and am so far rewarded in my enquiry. Farewell. The opportunity of following your child presents itself. Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

OH, Mr. Corbett, the abrupt joy produced by your late intelligence, has counteracted the tender designs of Edward, and thrown his poor Louisa into a condition which makes me tremble. The settled calm of her mind has long been overthrown, and I, who have been her almost constant companion, can assure you, that when she has thought herself the most tranquil, she has been nearest that state which of all others, in this sorrow-teeming world, is the most affecting. Indeed, sir, you should have been less precipitate—yet you meant kindly.

kindly. You acknowledge her for a daughter. It is impossible to tell you in what a style of enthusiastic gratitude she speaks of this. All will be well, and yet——soft! she wakes! Oh what a look! how wild! how fearful! I must leave off writing.

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIII.

TO MRS. ARNOLD.

A CURSE attends all I do, and all I say. Oh that I could find the wretch who still cherishes the deathful spirit of this exterminating war! I would rush upon him, and seize him as the betrayer of *both* the bleeding countries which he has sacrificed to the lust of dominion, and the avarice of power. Alas, the misfortunes which he has brought upon the state are contemptible in the comparison with that anguish, that horror, that desolation, which rends away the softening ties of private life!—which tears the heart-strings of family and friend.

Man

Man of blood, come forward!—if thou art bold enough, stand forth!—meet the swollen eye of a father, whose house thou hast despoiled of all his little treasure!

Oh Mrs. Arnold, this rage is vain. My soul is compounded of ten thousand violences, each retrograde, each inconsistent! I am execrating *myself*, for have I not myself pushed on the terrors I deplore? I have. Fool! Dotard! Villain!

Hah! Letters are brought. The knock of the post goes through my heart. Away, vile flannels! The well-known characters carry off all
bodily

bodily sensation as I behold them. I have them before me——

——Oh horror, horror! Oh my child, my Emma!—Read, pity me—ah no, read and *detest* me.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER CXXIV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.*

AMERICA.

BOUND by promise, by obligation, and by the laws of nature, to send you faithful accounts of myself, I dare no longer conceal the incidents

* The Inclosure from Emma.

cidents which have happened to the veriest wretch that ever——

My dear dear parent, turn all your anger into compassion, if all that remains of Emma be yet dear or yet alive in your remembrance.

Our vessel has been attacked, has fought, and is taken. Oh the mountains of men, murdered by men, that lately lay strewed about me! My blood runs cold! some of it indeed is *shed*, for I am *wounded*; but it is slightly, and in no important part. Ah that it were a death's-wound, rather than——

——I am

——I am watched. Pens and paper are objects of suspicion.

Ah what have they to fear? Emma is no intriguing captive—she is a prisoner, and a mourner who bows to her fate. She resists not.

I must hide this poor remnant of narrative in my bosom.

Fresh prisoners are brought.

They are entering! What crouds!
What——

Oh my God, is it possible!—do
not my eyes——

SECOND

SECOND INCLOSURE FROM SIR ROBERT
RAYMOND.

CORBETT, the seal of Providence is surely upon my enterprize! Oh happy chance! I have at once saved and rescued your daughter. It pleased God to carry me into the same place of confinement, where I found her mingled with the multitude of our unhappy countrymen. A violent shriek upon my entrance betrayed her to me. Her man's apparel became no longer a veil to hide her from eyes so familiar with her voice and her features. She fainted in my arms.

The prisoners were too much involved in the fullen gloom of their
own

own melancholy to regard the distress of another. The paper which I inclose, spotted as you see, with drops of blood from her own lovely arm, fell from her bosom. By the time she recovered, one of the officers who had guarded us approached.—She looked at him a moment (it being the first time she had seen him since he came in) and then sunk without any appearance of life upon the floor. She lay as a corpse.

Oh merciful Heaven!—Oh God, great and gracious God! cried the officer, it is—it is—it must be Emma—it must be my SISTER!

Presently, Emma and Edward Corbett (for it was your son, my friend) were both embracing upon their knees.

It was no time to explain. She was moved out of the prison. I was permitted to attend. Edward Corbett in his own arms conveyed her to an apartment. He obtained leave of absence from the farther duties of the day. He was the nurse of your poor Emma. Oh, Mr. Corbett, *I* was not idle.

Washington happened to be quartered at the same town, preparing the manœuvres of a new attack. He is easy of access; and being at liberty
on

on a parole of honour, I gained an interview.

Ah, can you not guess its motive? what *could* it be but the *freedom* of the captive Emma? The General heard the story of her love as I related it. I concealed no part from him but that which had reference to my own former folly. I brought the narrative down to the moment of reciting it. The soldier's cheek was not without the graceful dignity of a tear. He wept.

Sacred, said he, be the rights of hospitality: I am not at war with the *affections*. Ever privileged be *their* emotions. I feel them all. The beau-

teous prisoner is at liberty, Sir Robert, to go where she pleases. I shall appoint persons to attend her, who may prevent all interruption and insult; but *you*, methinks, Sir Robert, should continue to follow her fortunes as a *friend*,—you are *both* free.

I flew to Edward Corbett with the tidings. Emma had by this time acquainted him with her situation.

At what a moment did I enter the room! Your son was pronouncing, or rather *attempting* to pronounce, the names of wife and parent, of Louisa and his little Edward. And have I then these blessings, (cried he) and is my father *yet* in ignorance what claims,

claims, what doubly tender claims, Louisa Corbett hath upon him? He then pressed his sister in his arms, and they wept together.

Surprizes came too fast upon the hapless youth. He knew not that Henry was under arms. He did not know that he was an enemy. Yet he dropped for awhile the fierceness of the soldier, and acted as a man—as the child of nature—as the husband of Louisa, and the brother of Emma. Then go, my sister, said he, your career is too glorious to be checked. In contemplating your conduct, I rise above all the prejudices of party. Alas, my sister, I know too well the sorrows of love and separation not to

respect them. You find me here the foe of Henry, but it is not now the day of battle, and were he at this moment here, should I not expand these arms to receive the lover of Emma? Go then. But we are on the eve of a desperate undertaking. Our army moves to-morrow. I tremble for thee! Perhaps we may never meet more—perhaps——ah retire, retire, my best-loved sister, ere the idea of losing you for ever should tempt me to break my promise, and——

——This fraternal kiss, this affectionate embrace, and farewell. Give me not leisure to reflect, let me not have opportunity to consider the consequences of thus——Ah take her
from

from me, Sir Robert, she is gaining on my affections, and I shall not be able——

Here he stopped, Mr. Corbett; Emma beheld the gathering storm of tenderness coming on, and exerting a resolution more than human, as fearing she should be prevented from pursuing the great object of her adventure, which was even dearer than a brother, she caught me by the arm, and shortened a scene too poignant to be continued.

No sooner were we alone——I am interrupted. Farewell.

IN CONTINUATION.

No sooner had we got beyond the reach of those sighs which were breaking from the heart of Edward, than his lovely sister fell upon her knees, pressed my hand to her bosom, and spake thus.—Oh generous deliverer, I devote to thee the first moment which the confusion of crowding incidents allow to pour forth the tribute of my gratitude. I ask not the means by which Heaven directed you to me, but I feel the motive of your voyage so pathetically, so perfectly, so——ah Sir Robert, wherefore do you heap on me this agonizing goodness? Wherefore did you pursue the footsteps of one whose pre-occupied heart and
plighted

plighted hand make it impossible to reward your kindness or your generosity? Not even a beloved brother, whom I thought breathed no more, not even Edward, long lost and newly found, could prevail with me to forego the purpose of my pilgrimage. No, by this affecting effusion of tears which are now bathing your hand, I swear——But it is unnecessary. Behold a woman firmly resolved, Sir Robert ; oh why are you then——Indeed it is vain, *indeed* it is. Go then I conjure you, return to my dear, my drooping father—assure him that his Emma is in no danger—tell him that his darling son is found: Alas! how I forget myself, of this you say he is already informed, but at all events

events return; it is to no end that you follow me: how can you expect——

I expect it *not* Miss Corbett, said I, attempting to raise her up.

Here will I remain, cried she, till you pledge to me your honour that you will here close the debts which it will never be in my power to discharge. It is no place or time for argument, Sir Robert. You are even now preventing me from the great business of my life. I beseech you to leave me. I am not ignorant of your passion, but I thought your prudence in never revealing it to me by your own mouth——in short, sir, I must insist on——

I saw

I saw her mistake, my dear Corbett, and briefly explained it. How shall I describe to you the emanation, the burst of tender gratitude, when she found—but indeed I do not deserve half she said, or half she thought.

Alas! it is passion still that drives me on—not, indeed, the passion which partakes of one gross image, or of one vehement appetite. Pitied be the wretch who persecutes an engaged heart. Yet I love to see, to serve, to oblige her.—I love to——

Again interrupted! No wonder. I am writing amidst scenes of constant disturbance. The seats and theatres of war are before me. The guards
of

of a generous enemy, in compassion to private woe, are in front and in rear. It is all deathful preparation. There is no prospect of peace. On every brow is defiance. In every eye flashes the bloody determination. We hear the shrieks of widows, and daughters, and fatherless children, as we move forward. Families are busied in burying their dead, rescued from the corruption of promiscuous carnage. Hearses and funerals pass thick along. The bell of death tolls out in every street; but Emma is still fixed in her design. Her eyes melt, her countenance is pale, but her heart pants with love, and her soul is undaunted.

Adieu !

IN

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh sacred force of sovereign tenderness! Emma has tidings of her Henry. Our enquiries have at length terminated in success. He is now with his regiment off John's-Town. Thither we are bending our course with the utmost expedition. I send you not the minutiae of intervening adventures. They yield to enterprises of greater moment. We are within one day's journey of the place.

By Heavens, Corbett, the roses are suddenly thrown over the cheek of your child, and the pale of fatigue and sickness, and loss of blood, (which has not been inconsiderable) all give way

way to the joyful expectation of seeing her Henry.

Surely it requires only a generous effort to turn our disappointments to amiable account. To conquer affection is not, I feel, always possible; but to direct it from one worthy path into another, when the former is unfit or unjust, is assuredly in our power. Henry himself cannot adore Emma more sincerely than myself. My whole heart is her's; oft it trembles, oft it bleeds, but the choice either to be the object of esteem or the object of aversion is before me. Oh! I would not forfeit the partial sentiment which my conduct has lodged in the breast of Emma, for any other earthly enjoyment.

ment. She owns me for her friend, her *first* of friends. She talks to me without reserve. She looks at me sometimes till the heart's soft tear is in her eye. Ah, that tear! it is more worth than the possession of all the reluctant beauty that ever gold, grandeur, or importunity, extorted into their arms. I feel it stream over my senses. Blessed sympathy! Pure effusion! Generous, glorious Emma!

I am penciling these informations of our route, sometimes in the vehicle and sometimes in a room.

Emma has this moment desired the driver to stop. The door of the chaise is open; she jumps out, saying

ing to me in a whisper, that a lucky thought strikes her.

I will follow her.

IN CONTINUATION.

God of all goodness! didst thou ever create another Emma?

In passing along, she took note of some bushes which were covered thickly with a dun-coloured berry that clustered in the hedge-rows. I assisted her in gathering these without daring to ask for information as to causes. She hath an air of intreaty which cuts short all curiosity about motive, and leaves us no other solicitude

citude than that of gratifying her by implicit obedience.

I knew not the design of Emma in picking the berries till the evening, and *then* she explained to me their use.

Now for an *experiment*, dear Sir Robert, said she, taking up the bundle, and going into her chamber at a publick-house where we baited at twilight.

In about an hour she re-entered—
she *re-entered*, Corbett; but oh, how different from that Emma who had so recently retired! You know the clear and lucid white that mixes with the
Vol. III. G eloquent

eloquent bloom in her countenance—you know that rich tint of tenderness and ardour, of pathetic softness and graceful passion, which form her complexion. Imagine my astonishment at beholding these discoloured in the darkest shade of that peculiar disguise which the juice of the berries we had collected cast over the skin. The stain was deep, strong, and apparently fixed. It resembled almost exactly the hue of some of the savages whom we had observed to be wounded in a town through which we passed.

It was certainly *inspiration*, (said Emma, rejoicing at the alteration as she surveyed it in the glass.) Ah how preferable this precious dye, continued

nued she, to the fairest complexion in the world. I shall assist Henry, I shall touch his dear hand, and attend him in every danger, without distressing him by surprize, or disarming him by softness. Oh, my good Sir Robert, romantic as may seem the steps I have taken, be assured that I proceed with the utmost caution. I do not even *now* design to interfere with the horrid virtues of Henry's profession. I will not dare to place myself betwixt him and his duty. I will share his dangers, but cannot consent any longer to bear about a wretched being without at least attempting to render it serviceable to my friend. Your generosity well fits you to receive these apologies, if indeed any apologies

should be necessary for the conduct of Emma on this trying occasion.

I could not reply, Mr. Corbett. Even her avowals of the affection that she bears to Henry become new sources of my tenderness and admiration. But we are setting off again.

The next stage brings us to * * * *

Adieu.

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh Corbett, Corbett, who shall anticipate a moment's joy, a moment's satisfaction! By what an accident was my last sentence interrupted!—
Your son—your poor son—your Edward,

ward, your dear, your darling Edward,
is now *indeed*——

Bear up, my hapless friend, against
the storm. To learn to suffer is the
science of humanity. Each has his
throes of heart. War, which levels
millions with the dust, has at length—

But oh the generous youth, in what
a cause he fell!—— Unable to sup-
port our departure, he obtained his
furlow and followed us. The humane
general permitted him to seek his
sister, and either guide her to the arms
of Henry, or persuade her to return.
He promised to return in three days.
Alas! he will return no more. A
party of the English were burning a
G 3 village

village after a sudden attack. Edward drew his unavailing sword to defend himself and the inhabitants, who were flying different ways in terror and despair. And there my friend it was your son received his wound——his wound of death!

The conquerors drove off the cattle, loaded themselves with the spoils of conquest, then suffered the peasants to escape, and returned to the troops from whence they had been detached.

Edward bled fast; but having traced our route, he gave directions to the two soldiers who accompanied him, and pressed onward. He was
resolved

resolved once more, he said, to behold his sister. The men, who were indeed of those under his command, obeyed his orders; supported him on each side as he sat in the chaise, till, poor young man!——

——You know the rest. He sunk upon one of their shoulders, and with his dying breath insisted on their taking his corpse to Emma, of whom he had received tidings by the guide who had last left us, and whom he met on his return.

The poor fellows came on disconsolate with their dead master. They reached the town where we stopped, and were passing the window of our

inn, when we heard a cry of—"the armies are engaged, the armies are engaged!"

The postilion got from his horse; the two soldiers (who had taken the precaution to alter their dress as Americans) leaped from the carriage, and joined the multitude that thronged the streets.

The body of Edward was deserted. Emma, (who had then just finished her remarks on her disguise) seeing a man lie motionless, approached the chaise door, and there she beheld——

Oh Mr. Corbett, what accumulated miseries is it fated for this virtuous woman to undergo!

'Tis

'Tis *I* then that have *caused* thy death, thou beloved youth, said she! No language can describe her agonies, but they were attended to by none but myself: for the whole town was in consternation at the news of the engagement. Every house was emptied. The two armies had marched all night, and distributed their forces. We heard of the largest parties being engaged off John's-Town, and in that place was quartered the regiment of Henry. What was to be done? Edward lay dead before us. Emma was folding his clay-cold body in her arms. She seemed to be lost in a stupor of irremediable grief. She forgot for awhile her Henry. The alarm spread every moment

moment more wide——horror exhibited itself in every possible form. To continue in such a situation was madness: to leave the breathless remains of Edward——oh shocking thought! —Oh Mr. Corbett, the exigencies of war, and the terrors of a town under such a panic, are not to be described. Old men were moving their decrepid limbs from door to door in despair of escape, and mothers with their children went wailing by us.

With pious haste, these hands, assisted by my heart, (which is devoted to every connexion of Emma) prepared an hasty grave for the reliques of your son.—Emma, touched at the ceremony, burst into a flood of tears,
and

and exerting herself beyond what is reported of her sex, joined in the last sad offices of love.

We are just come from the sacred spot where Edward is deposited!—Emma recovers—she has been several times upon her knees during my marking these circumstances of our distress. Let us go on, Sir Robert, she says, or rather, oh generous man, remain you here, and let me proceed; my duty to Henry yet remains.—

It was in vain to expostulate. She saw the danger, but felt no emotions of dismay. All feminine and gentle as she is, she rose above the spirit of humanity.

I insisted

I insisted on the privilege of attending. She pressed my hand within hers, and we set out for the scene of action.

It was altogether an impulse of most solemn enthusiasm. Emma was resolved,—and I am the friend of Emma.

Yet the tearful looks which she cast towards Edward's grave pierced me to the heart. One hallowed kiss more imprinted upon that earth, Sir Robert, and I will delay no longer. Pity a sister!

I stood at some distance, and saw the lovely one depart. O what minutes

minutes were these! She came forward as if she had made up her mind, and then, while the resolution seemed nearly formed, nature relapsed again into a sister's tenderness, and yet once more she embraced the earth.

At last, summoning her utmost strength, she exclaimed "the will of God be done:" and then, in weeping submission, joined me.

IN CONTINUATION.

Surely Emma Corbett is an angel, and not a mortal woman! I have had near thirty hours severe sickness, a fever as violent as sudden seized me. It could not have happened at a crisis

sis more cruel, for we are in the very midst of personal dangers; yet nothing could tempt Emma to leave me one moment. She has nursed me as I were her child. She administered the cordials with her own dear hand. Never was parent half so tender: such softness of gratitude—such overpowering attention. Oh, bless her, bless her. I am now able to pass on, and to pursue the footsteps of my beloved associate.

Adieu, Adieu!

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh Heavens! I tremble to tell you how near we are to the field of battle!

We

We can hear guns firing in the neighbouring woods. The English are skirmishing with the rebels in twenty different parts of these environs.

IN CONTINUATION.

Yes, Corbett, Henry is amongst them. He is spoken of by these poor trembling peasants and their masters, as the most gallant officer in the army of the British General. No person ventures now to go to bed. It is altogether a scene of bloodshed, havoc, and horror. The feeble Emma droops under her fatigue.

I write

I write as moments permit, resolved every way to shew my affection to your dear family as far as it be possible; though Heaven only can tell whether this packet will ever——

——Oh dreadful extremity! some wounded men are passing by us in a waggon. Emma rushes forward to enquire of the driver if Mr. *Hammond* yet lives——

“He has been fighting since day-break.” Such the reply :

A young woman is at this moment following the corpse of her husband. It is indeed too much. Emma is bowed to the earth. Oh, if she dies!

IN CONTINUATION.

Better tidings! The rebels are routed. We have traversed the environs, but in vain: The English are said to be on their return to John's-Town. Emma breathes in expectation. 'Oh for strength a little longer, and all will be well, Sir Robert,' says she!—

IN CONTINUATION.

The dreadful news is arrived!—Oh Mr. Corbett, the blow is struck. The life of your poor Emma must soon close, for Henry Hammond is—how

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H

shall

shall I speak it——Henry Hammond
is **Dead**.

IN CONTINUATION.

The men who have escaped the
slaughter are returned and confirm the
news. Emma—the agonized Emma
——is at the point of——

——I cannot speak: I cannot write.
I shall not survive her.

Adieu !

P. S. Perhaps this is the last ac-
count either of us may be able to
transmit.—An officer, whom I have
just met, is appointed to go off
with

with dispatches to England. The opportunity must not be lost. Oh Corbett, if you never hear more, receive the last prayers of one whose life is valuable only as it can promote the happiness of Emma: that being now for ever obstructed, for ever closed, what is there in this world that can render tolerable the existence of such a wretch as

ROBERT RAYMOND?

N. B. I have ventured to whisper it very softly to Emma, that I am about to *seal* the packet which my trembling hand has written as it could snatch the flying minute.—“*To my*

H 2

father!

father! said she. Oh God, oh God!
Tell—tell him——

Here she folded her arms, looked up to heaven, tried to articulate more, and sunk upon the bed.

Unfortunate Corbett! This fatal war has reduced all the honours and blessings of your house to the dust! Alas! how many thousand fathers *beside* has it not wounded beyond the reach of this world's remedies?

I have stolen from the chamber of Emma to scribble the *inclosure* in the presence of proper witnesses, by whom it is attested. As we are dying in virtue, do *thou*, oh venerable man,
still

still try to live in peace, and await the stroke which shall be commissioned from above, in God's good time, to summon you to us.

One more look at Emma, that I may send you the latest intelligence.

She breathes——

The silver chord is not quite broken: yet the cold, *cold* dews descend so fast——

No—I have, after the pause of another hour, visited her again.

In her pulse there is yet promise.
In her eye there is yet hope. Poor

H 3

Corbett,

Corbett, let it comfort you—let it reconcile you to life.

A third time I have looked in upon her. The officer who is going to the head-quarters with the news of the various fortunes that have attended the detached parties in this part of the country, has, in great humanity, waited. I told him, that a father's happiness or despair was concerned in his obliging me. His last minute is come. At that minute your cherub child appears to me—for I dare not deceive you—from another hand it will come with a more crushing weight—

—Now

—Now, now—even *now*, my friend, you are, I fear, within a few seconds of being childless.

If her fever continues to rage another hour, as it rages at this crisis, no earthly power can delay her passage to Heaven! At this we ought not to grieve perhaps, but humanity, shaken to her centre, cannot——

Oh, my God, I heard a shriek——

——I dare not stay another moment. Oh, farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.*

THAT paragon of her sex, your daughter! That man too, soaring above the flight of humanity, who attended her as the companion of all her perils, all her pangs! The writer of this letter (or more properly speaking, the person by whom this letter is dictated) is at a loss by what means, or in what language, to convey to you the wonders which yet he is most anxious to impart.

By gentle degrees—oh, Mr. Corbett, let me open upon you the blessings which, by the contrivance of Providence,

* From Henry Hammond.

Providence, have been brought about. Summon your heart to hear the best, the dearest news which is in the nature of human things for you to hear. O let the agony of *that* information, which Sir Robert Raymond's letter has doubtless produced, be, in great measure, done away, by the happier tidings that will salute you in this.

The *hand-writing* of the person now dictating would to omuch discompose you. He makes use, therefore, of an amanuensis to prepare the way to circumstances of uncommon joy; and to give them to you in the security of more progressive explanation.

The

The leading-step to every other felicity you must hear *first*. You, who have deeply drank of the bitter cup, must now try to support, without intoxication, the taste of sweeter ingredients.

From the point of death, your Emma has recovered. The interposing hand of Heaven was *suddenly* extended.

Ten days after the departure of Sir Robert's packet, she was in a situation to leave her bed. To what *purpose* did she leave it? Resolution, oh how sacred is thy force, when animated by the breath of love!

If Henry be dead, said she, it is still the duty of Emma to pay him the mournful offices which she has paid to Edward.

She insisted on searching for the corpse of the man who had caused all her misfortunes.

The generous Sir Robert Raymond was at that time himself confined by sickness which threatened his life:—when he was out of danger, Emma gave him in tenderest charge, and set out, alone, towards those woods where some late skirmishes had passed. On her way she had the precaution to use again those berries which tinge the skin: to these she
added

added a certain bark that had been mentioned to her in the course of her various enquiries.

Behold, oh Mr. Corbett, behold the dear and delicate Emma, wandering, unprotected, in the woods of America.—Behold her bearing over her tender shoulder the mere necessaries of decent covering.—Behold the most gentle, and most female form exposed to all the dangers of a wild and unknown country—picking her food from the hedges—straying she knew not whither—in disguise—in disorder—in despair!

Incredible were the toils of her research—incredible her fatigue. The
forests

forests are here, you know, of great extent: the wilds immeasurable.

After several days travelling, during which time she had not encountered any passenger who could give her the least intelligence, she sat herself down as usual, about the noon, and wept over her misfortunes.

Scarce had she rested a moment, ere the clamour of human voices, shouting at a small distance, caught her attention. She pressed hastily forward through the foliage, and observed at a little aperture in the forest, a party of soldiers engaging with a tribe of Indians; but while she was eagerly examining the persons of the
former,

former, the *latter* were put to flight, and retreated with the utmost precipitation: the soldiers pursued, and both were out of sight ere Emma had time to approach nearer to them.

She saw enough, however, to convince her that the regimentals were British, and the uniform of the officers such as belonged to the regiment of Henry; you will guess her despair when she did not perceive Henry amongst them.

The bodies of several English soldiers were seen in different parts of the forest, but the corpse of Hammond could, by no diligence, be found.

Still

Still indefatigable, she went on, though by this time reduced almost to the last exigencies of nature, and every thing subdued but tender resolution, and the love which inspired it.

At length, Providence relented to her wishes, and directed her steps to a broad common path-way, across which was extended a human figure, lying as dead, with an arrow sticking in his bosom. You already perceive, that it was no other than *Henry himself*. This, you *may* perceive, but no tongue can give you the faintest idea of that unparalleled heroism and fidelity, which now inspired the soul of Emma! She found the body yet warm, the pulse slowly moving, and the

the heart languidly beating with life. She extracted, the arrow, and sucked the wound—she had heard of the Indians using shafts whose points were envenomed: and rightly concluding *this* to be one of them, applied to it her lovely lips without hesitation.— This additional danger was an additional motive to the deed. Oh Mr. Corbett, what an angel is Emma!

Signs of existence increased. With scarce a covering from the sky, the affectionate Emma sheltered her unfortunate charge for many days. Ere his senses returned, she thickened her disguise by all the arts in her power. Oh can any thing less eloquent than the great Author of Nature describe
to

to you the transport of this wondrous creature, when she first beheld the long-closed eye of Henry open on the light—and open on herself?

Think, Mr. Corbett, how difficult *concealment* must have been at this extatic moment; then, consider what presence of mind was necessary to repress the dear and dangerous effusion. The silver tones of the softest voice in the world were so artfully changed, as to correspond with the rest of her appearance. She fed him with what the fortune of an hour's hunting amongst the fruits of the forest afforded. He could not move. No soldiers returned. Men drop in a skirmish, and are sought for no more!

No house was near : no hut : and she dared not stray too far from the place where he lay, lest she should lose sight of the spot. But now Henry felt the puncture of a want which even Emma could not accommodate. Fruits and vegetables, collected by chance, as they grew obvious, and within the beat of Emma's journeyings, were too unsubstantial. It seemed as if famine would compleat what poison had begun. For lack of proper nutriment, after fatigues so imminent, he was reduced to an extreme of languor even worse than that of Emma; whom tenderness seemed to have rendered superior to every thing that could befall herself.

In

In these moments it was that Henry yielded to despair—in these moments his heart melted with gratitude to his protector——

Oh, generous unknown, (said he feebly) whosoever thou art, receive the dying acknowledgments of the man whom thou hast endeavoured to rescue from an untimely death. Had those kind endeavours succeeded, what thanks shouldest thou receive from one of the *best*—the *dearest*—— But it may not be——I am nearly exhausted——perhaps, ere yet another hour moves by—. Lest that *should* be the case, let me, oh let me, while yet I have the power to call down heaven's choicest blessings on that lovely

I 2

mourner,

mourner, whose tears are haply streaming at this moment for the expiring Henry——Ah Sir, ah worthy youth, couldst thou see her—couldst thou attest for me these dying sentiments—couldst thou assure her that with my latest breath——But that is impossible; she is a thousand leagues from these fatal shores. No matter. Oh hear me GOD! do *thou*, this *night*, this *instant*, suggest to her what was my last employment—my last aspiration. Oh Emma! Emma! my life, my love!————

Here he fell on the bosom of Emma, and would *indeed* have died had he known it was Emma that supported him.

She

She pressed his hand. She could not speak. To the Omnipotent Father of Mercy she cast the imploring eye!

Let not the human heart give up its confidence in Heaven. It is never too late to trust!

A team now passed within sight of this disconsolate pair. They were laden with provisions and apparel drawn in sledges, and small waggons, and were on their way to three detachments of soldiers, (who had applied to the General for these accommodations) that were stationed on the north side of the forest. Amongst this groupe were also some cattle, of which some were

cows. It is unnecessary to say what use the unwearied Emma made of these: her winning address, and the moving simplicity of her grief, joined to the wretched situation of an English officer who appeared to be almost at the point of death, gained so entirely upon the soldiers and people who attended the sledges and wag-gons, that they administered whatever could promote the wish of Emma, and even furnished her with a sledge, a mule, and a guide, to carry Captain Hammond to John's-Town.

Thus providentially saved from death a *second* time, I shall not trouble you with other difficulties in the passage, or in the progress of Henry's recovery,

covery, though the least of these were enough to immortalize Emma Corbett; but I shall convey your imagination to John's-Town, where Henry and his protector at last arrived, and found Sir Robert Raymond recovered from his fever, and just about to set out again in pursuit of Emma.

To her assiduous cares were now superadded those of this excellent man, and Henry became in a short time the nurseling of both. He could walk, converse, and his wound was healing. Emma's dear perilous experiment was guarded—the prospect clear on every side. One afternoon Sir Robert gradually prepared Henry for the softest surprise that could touch the heart of
a lover ;

a lover; he discovered himself to be the friend of Mr. Corbett—he assured Henry that he saw Emma in good health a little before he left England—he asserted, in the strongest terms, her constancy, her attachment, her love—and said that such was the force of her affection he should not wonder some day or other to hear that she was arrived in America.

———*Yes*, and in America she is arrived, cried she, (entering at this moment, agreeable to the plan concerted) *She is arrived—she is here—she is now* in the presence of her beloved Henry—she now offers him the hand of Emma for EVER !

Emma

Emma was yet in her boy's apparel, but had washed the stain from her lovely countenance, and discovered enough to throw Henry first upon his knee to the restoring God, and then into the arms of this tenderest of women.

You will not expect I should tell you what *either* felt at that moment! You will not expect I should describe the series of delicious sorrow and gratulations which followed, while all the enterprizes of Emma were relating to Henry. He found himself the most blest, most honoured, and most beloved of men! He found Emma all that language *cannot* express. He found——

——in

——in short, it was a false rumour you see that reached Emma at John's-Town, respecting the death of Henry. He was reserved for Emma to discover and to restore.

He is discovered, he is restored.—Emma is now before him—Emma the most generous, most——

——Oh, Mr. Corbett! Henry is the happiest of mankind. He now TELLS you that he is—he dictates these explanatory sheets—they flow from his grateful heart—the tenderest mercies of Providence have been upon him; they are to be seen—they may be felt: you will no longer refuse to give him the hand of Emma! ah that
he

he were worthy of her. Disclose, he beseeches you, these tender circumstances to Louisa, his sister. Oh! he can hold no longer, he is too, too happy; he takes the pen from the amanuensis and—— No! it is not necessary to sign the letter. The writer is now known.

Adieu !

L E T T E R CXXVI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THE blessings of Providence are at length manifest; since the paquet from Henry must, ere this, be come to hand. It is not easy to tell
you

you how totally I have in *them* annihilated *myself*, for many days past. Henry recovers apace. The attentions of Emma, indeed, so pointed and so pure, might almost raise him from the dead. Yet I almost envy her the share she has had in this discovery, and all its happy consequences. I can scarce forgive my illness for seizing me at such a time. It is Emma alone who has been the saviour of Henry. It is Henry only who can merit such salvation. You can image to yourself nothing so tender as his gratitude, so warm as his affections, or so perfect as his delicacy. From his somewhat military stile of address I expected not this, and am equally surprized and delighted. Yes, my dear old companion,

panion, you have yet a daughter, and will, in a few days, boast also——

Oh my friend, how infinitely I fall beneath the standard of my ambition! How incorrect is human virtue! How frail is human fortitude! The prospect of Henry's becoming your son does not charm this rebel heart half so sincerely as it ought to do; and yet, Heaven is witness, that I am doing every thing to advance his health and his happiness.

Self-interested, perhaps, still. I doat on promoting the felicity of Emma by any means. I am proud to please her. I consider the youth of Henry, and wish it the joys it is formed to

to taste. I reflect on my own age, and think that I am too silly to be pardoned. I am entirely convinced of my folly, and yet hug it to my heart. Ah Mr. Corbett, what is there in that subtle and active principle which we thus feed in our bosoms, and which turns, serpent-like, against the nourisher? It stings, and we are not angry: it tortures, and we do not, *cannot* command it to depart from us. Something, like the healing balm, flows into the wound, and recompenses us for all we suffer. The misery which is the consequence of a tenderness like mine, is compounded of such sweet ingredients, that it is not in the nature of the tender heart to wish it were removed. And yet, my friend,

it

it is most intense. I have found the vanity of attempting to argue myself into neutrality. It is virtue and beauty that have attracted—that have bound me! Ere a soul like mine can free itself from *such* captivity, the enchanting powers of its object must change; its beauty become deformity, and its virtue vice. 'Tis out of the question. The great point of moral propriety is in every man's power, and consequently in mine. The human heart loves as it listeth—it sees its bias, and trembles towards it: but society, religion, and the laws, are all to be respected, and he who presumes to overleap these, renders himself contemptible. Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

EMMA, in all the graces of the female dress, appears more lovely from the late concealment of her charms. She has resumed her former self.—Oh, Corbett, what a woman!—Happy, happy Henry! what years of bliss——

——My friend, I am not well.—I am not as I ought to be.—I cannot write!

Farewell, farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

A BSENCE from home must have thrown your pecuniary affairs into disorder: at any rate, the war must have rendered your remittances irregular. As a soldier and a single man, you might dispense with these inconveniences; as a connected man, about to take on him the sweet charge of providing for a virtuous woman, you feel how much the case is altered. It is by mere chance I have found out that you are waiting a supply from England. On the present occasion, that you should *want* cash is most natural: that you should *wait* for it, is most cruel. Luckily, I have brought

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K

with

with me enough to accommodate us both. The inclosed may answer an immediate purpose. You say you are my friend, shew yourself such by using what I offer till your return to England, when you will please to pay me the amount. I am not, you see, involving you in an obligation, but drawing you into a debt. The only *interest* I shall desire, is, that my name may not be mentioned to Emma in this business. These circumstances between us *men* are nothing;—they are things of course. Women, you know, look through a medium so peculiar, and are indeed, whether married or single, so delicately circumstanced, that a man of honour trembles

EMMA CORBETT. 131

trembles to offer, what they tremble to accept. I know you want money, and so don't be foolish.

Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

HENRY grows importunate. He urges me to assure Emma, by virtue of my medical knowledge, that his health is established. He affects unusual mirth and vivacity to prove this. He is become intimate with

K 2

the

the chaplain of the regiment, who is engaged to perform the——

——By Heavens, Corbett, I cannot bring myself either to forget these things, or to think of them without misery. Inconsistent! I shall do all right *ultimately*, but opposite sensations are at war within me. I walk in the proper path, but I am too susceptible of the thorns which wound me.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXX.

TO THE SAME.

TO-MORROW, oh Corbett, is to be the day!—Henry presses me to attend. He knows not I have any reason for these *heart-felt* objections. Emma looks unutterable sympathy. She seems labouring for an apology. She pities me. Her tears attest it. Henry beholds them descend, and kisses them away with a trembling lip. What! give her to another—be *accessary* to the last circumstance of my despair! Oh most agonizing—most impossible!

Yet Henry entreats—he appeals to me in the name of parent, favour—

K 3

——What

——What shall I do? I wish them happy, happy even *together*—but to be *present* at the ceremony!—to assist the stroke that cuts off every hope for ever! Nature recoils at the task, and I am too much the subject of her authority to go through it.

Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

L E T T E R CXXXI.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

O H my friend, receive the tribute
of my sympathy. Generous
man! what can I do to soften the woes
of

of which I am unhappily the cause? Invent, I beseech you, some reason to absent yourself on the morrow. Call to your aid some pious disguise to save yourself and me ten thousand wounds. Your presence will wholly destroy the bliss of the day—even of that day which gives to me the hand of Henry. Indeed it will. I see your emotions. I see your conflicts. They escape your soul's most amiable effort. They break through your bosom. I see them in your tears. I feel them in your sighs. For my sake—for your own—for Heaven's—do not continue longer, *much* longer under our roof. I esteem you so truly that I cannot bear the constraint which will soon be imposed. Your virtues have placed you

in the second place of my affections—the second place is *friendship*, and that is yours while I can distinguish—while I can feel one worthy sensation. But oh consider, that the first place is *love*, and *that* is Henry's—Henry my *almost* husband.

He presses, he importunes, he insists, in all the emphasis of tender controulment, that to-morrow may be the day. He almost chides me for coldness of sentiment towards him.

——Alas, my dear friend, it is your sorrow, painted in your countenance, and in your late conversation when we have been together, which produces this grateful reluctance.

I owe

I owe you——ah what do I *not* owe you? I would do much—I would do every thing that is *possible* to serve you.

The billet you sent me this morning cuts me deeply. You there hint your design to leave Philadelphia.—

I perceive the motive; nay, you disdain disguise, and have in part avowed it. All but this, you say, you can support. My dear, dear friend—author of many a comfort—soother of many a care—what would I give, had no accident of life produced in your gentle breast these sentiments for Emma.

Hitherto

Hitherto all has been well—all has been great and glorious. You still assure me you can act the only part that remains. Of that I am not to be told. Yet your friendship is attended by so much suffering, so much piercing sensibility, that even at this blest moment my heart bleeds for you.

If you will—oh hard request—if you will gently withdraw yourself for a time only, till you have gained composure, I will defer—I will frame some fresh excuses to Henry for my——

Pity me, Sir Robert, and save us both the pangs of an explanation. It will, perhaps, not be in my power to correspond in *this* way any more.
I know

I know your friendship will insist upon my fulfilling to the utmost every duty in life, and every engagement. Should this, therefore, be the last letter that passes between us, I conjure you to believe, that of every petition, of every fervent prayer that I offer to Heaven, your health and your happiness will form a part. I did not think it possible that any thing could fall out to make me wretched, with the immediate prospect of being united to Henry; and yet such is my genuine esteem for you, Sir Robert, that I cannot be perfectly happy while I am conscious of creating misery to one of the noblest of mankind. Henry enters, and I can say no more.

EMMA.

LETTER

L E T T E R CXXXII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

WHY leave us at this charming crisis, oh invaluable friend? Will you, who have brought my treasure safe through so many perils, refuse to see it locked for ever securely in the faithful arms to whose embrace you preserved it? Unkind! Your servant brings word too that you now lie sick at your apartment: yet that you resolve to depart on a tour the instant you can bear to be removed. This must not be. Emma has delayed the nuptials because she was too much harrassed in spirits. And now I will myself put them off a little, that they may not want the ornament

nament of such a friend as Sir Robert Raymond. Yes: I will defer even the possession of Emma, till her most generous protector is able to sanctify the union by his presence. You keep your chamber, it seems. I will enter it without delay. You shall not deny me admittance. You shall not suffer me to depart till you are in a condition to do so too. Emma insists upon this.

Adieu, ever dear, ever valuable
Sir Robert, adieu !

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

L E T T E R CXXXIII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

OBLITERATE the contents of the billet, and every trace of the conversation! 'Twas feeble humanity. 'Twas the graceful relapse of the heart, which started a little from its purposed point, but returns again, and re-fixes on its center. I feel that my very pride is touched. Oh, Emma, you must not so far outstrip me in generosity. Delay no longer your nuptials; and may the choicest benedictions of Almighty God be shed upon them! I am wholly myself again, and I am yours, in the spirit of holy friendship, while I have being.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND.

I WILL not suffer you to protract your joys any longer upon my account. I write to you from a village where I am, by advice, removed for air. Send me word that you are the happiest of mankind, and when I can bring as much health in my face as elther a bride or a bridegroom ought to look at, I will not fail to greet you in Philadelphia, where I am extremely glad to find all remains quiet.

Farewell. My tenderest respects await Emma—*Hammond* I had almost said.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THE greatest trial of mine, and perhaps of human life, is past; for I have just heard that your daughter is the wife of Henry, and yet I am able to hold the pen. Is there not a certain decent pride that sustains us after the great and difficult duties are performed? Something like a preternatural consciousness plays about my heart, as I consider this triumph over my own passions. It is a sacrifice of *self* to *society*. It is ——— oh Mr. Corbett, I wish them very happy. This is their wedding day; an express has just reached the retirement I now enjoy—*enjoy* did I say! Alas, can
you

you not trace the bleeding heart——
can you not trace the piercing thorn
through——

Away! it shall not be! And yet,
to thee, my friend, I may safely trust
ought that remains of unsubdued in-
firmity. If haply you should detect
one tear's deep mark upon my letter,
if, perchance——

It is absurd. Henry Hammond is
formed for Emma. I will muse upon
my obstinate weakness, and become
once more a reasonable creature—I
will indeed, my dear old friend!
give me a little time.

It is near eleven o'clock at night as
I write this period.

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L.

I did

I did not attend the ceremony, which was this morning performed.

I do not propose returning to Philadelphia for some days.

'Tis a dreary uncomfortable night. I am here too in a large apartment alone. Sighs burst from my bosom, and tears fall from my eyes, without any apparent cause. The effect of a thick drizzly atmosphere perhaps——

——of a drizzly atmosphere! Ah, no—to the passing feeblenesses of nature we are all liable.

Haply, to-morrow's fun may make me nearer what I *wish*, and what I
ought

ought to be. In that fond hope I will now seek repose.

Corbett, what can be the reason of it? At the close of the last sentence I went into my chamber in order to go to bed, but I sat myself down in a chair by the side of it, and have not attempted to undress, though the day-light is beginning to dawn upon me. A thousand half-form'd images have been teasing me. I am about fourteen miles from that Philadelphia which now contains the loveliest couple I ever beheld. Corbett, I am extremely weak—and extremely ashamed of myself——

Fie upon me, how can I talk thus! You, perhaps, are mourning the death of a son, and the absence of a daughter, added to the grief of those disorders which tear your aged frame, and render you as wretched—as you are respectable. Unhappy parent, dear friend, adieu!—of *my* calamities you shall hear no more. I blush, and silence sits on this selfish subject for ever.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I RECEIVED your congratulations; I received your blessing; and to crown the *whole* of human happiness, I have received the hand of your daughter. Yet my transport has hurried me into an expression too bold. Oh, I am a mortal still, Mr. Corbett: still am I vulnerable in a vital part. The fearful accounts you have transmitted of my poor sister, and of your own declining health, alarm and wound me. Hapless Louisa! dear relict of the generous Edward! Ah, that we had you both here, nursed by our care, and protected under the shelter of our most affectionate embraces.

braces. Sir Robert Raymond too, our second father, and our first of friends, would rejoice at this. Yet *he* keeps aloof from us. He used to be enamoured of our society, and now the deepest solitudes have seduced him from us. In vain I invite, in vain I implore. He is melancholy: he is mournful. Is there a cause for this? Ah, that I could remove it! I have now been six weeks in the possession of Emma Corbett. She is my wife! God of Heaven, how I thrill with gratitude! Yet oh, Supreme Bestower of every good, if it were thy divine pleasure to restore my sister and my friends—if it be consistent with that awful design into whose depths I presume not to pry, to extend to
these

these a portion of that felicity thou hast given to Emma and to me, the measure of my bliss will be full *indeed!* I am soothed by the prayer. It will be accepted. It was offered in the soul's most empassioned sincerity. Oh, my father, join it—join it fervently. It is now in heaven before the throne, the mercy-seat! Have faith: have hope. We shall all be happy.

What can I say soft enough to convey to you the remembrances of a daughter's duty? Wait a little for her own language, which is the only proper vehicle to convey the emotions of her heart.

HENRY HAMMOND.

L 4

LETTER

L E T T E R CXXXVII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I HAVE brought my pulses to be almost as obedient as I wish them. Reason is not so weak a power as we make her appear. Her province is perhaps misunderstood, my friend. It is not tyranny, but a mild and *genial* authority, which she should exercise. The subjects of her sway are the passions; those of the *tender* kind are with the most difficulty governed.

I have applied to this our intellectual sovereign on a different principle. I implored her, not to inspire me with that *indifference* which is the usual prayer of the disappointed. The object

ject of my love is married to the man of her heart. She obtained him at the price of almost unparalleled hazards. I saw every hope of possession cut off. It was an intolerable agony. I bore it till I became almost desperate. I indulged the passion even till the indissoluble bonds were tied against me. I saw the madness of my pursuit, and retired—retired, my dear Corbett, not to meditate revenge against a happy rival, but to manage my own wretchedness, and to *think*.

A serious appeal from the passions to the judgment is seldom made in vain. We miscarry, chiefly because we are *not* serious, but only *suppose* ourselves so.

I selected

I selected a quiet hour, and laid the simple facts before me. They were not elaborate. The woman of my affection (thus I argued) is now happily married. She is generous enough to pity and respect me for misery that she hath very unwillingly occasioned. Accidents have confirmed what Corbett at first betrayed. I have too much contributed to her present happiness for her to treat me untenderly: and yet my farther intimacy will increase her distress, even if it does not spread itself in time to her husband. How bitterly does she pay for my former services! What hinders her, now that she is in the arms of Henry, from looking upon my passion as insulting and impious? Those very services.

services. Do I then presume, and persecute her upon these? Oh indelicacy! oh folly!

But can I conquer my affection? No. It is not possible; it is not necessary. To *extinguish bad* passions, and to *regulate good* ones, are the two great points within the compass of reason. To covet any longer the *person* of Emma would be infamous. It is interdicted by law, by religion, and by God. But, are the merely sensual passions then at my age so very gross, that by no exertion, no interest, I can subdue them? What will be the consequence of my persisting? The distress of Emma, who now should taste only of joy, the suspicion of
Henry,

Henry, whose heart melts in gratitude towards me, and my own conscious upbraiding. Can I *sustain* these, or is an obstinate attachment to the only point which reason refuses me, (and which, after all, is hopeless) strong enough to support me? But *what* then am I to do? Does reason bring with her no compensations—no equipoise of rewards for punishments so severe? She does, and MANY. Shall I not rank amongst those the delights of a friendship not less *tender* though less *interested*—the *secret*-breathed prayer for one human being whose happiness is dearer to *me* than that of any other upon the earth—the generous sigh—the softening tear—the social smile—the self-gratulation
—the

—the flush of virtue, pleased with *herself*—the smile of Emma—the ascent of HEAVEN?

Oh Mr. Corbett, we have glorious faculties, had we the resolution to exert them. We are afraid to *begin*. The heart trembles at a view of its labour. We venture to climb the steep, and are dismayed. But every difficulty of soul and body diminishes by earnest perseverance. However cragged the mountain, or slippery its path, every effort brings us nearer to the summit; the second step is easier than the first, the third is smoother than the second. It is the motive of climbing that gives us fortitude. When the motive is *so great* as to concern

cern the happiness of others, and our own duty is included, surely we should struggle to ascend. I, Corbett, *have* struggled—I cannot say how much or how long, but I can and do tell you, in the sincerity of my soul, that though I am not, nor perhaps shall EVER be again a *happy* man, I do not wish either the death of Henry, or the alienation of his Emma's affection. I can support the presence of both, when softness and wedded love sits *fairest* upon their features. And, tho' many a rising tear warns me that it is time to retire, no sentiment of irregular desire invades my heart. Henry cultivates my friendship with kindest care; I do not impute to him, his *happiness* as his *fault*. I recede not
from

from his embrace, though I seldom make advances to conversation that relates to Emma, and yet Emma is his perpetual subject, and his darling theme. Her own conduct is such as corresponds with every part of her former life. Perhaps there never was a more affecting situation than she has to perform whenever I am present. It is indeed too much for a nature so gentle, and so ingenuous. But I will remove the effect, by removing the cause. Humanity should not *presume* to be perfect. I have carried a conquest as far, perhaps, as it can go. I have acquired strength by an examination of weakness. Let me not sink into captivity by fool-hardiness. I have done much. In attempting
more,

more, I may lose all the laurels I have won. Involuntary thoughts will trespass on the firmest mind. Emma is a tender wife, a tender friend. Heaven continue her so, while earth hath a feeling to make life desirable. But the familiar intercourse of a private family is somewhat too much for me at present. I constrain Emma, whenever I visit her, and nature impells my steps towards Philadelphia but too often—to appear restrained. I beg you will tell my steward to prepare Castleberry for my reception. I will return to England. There is no danger of a relapse; but I am obliged to repeat the rescuing arguments too often. A few months absence will compleat my work. Henry and his

WIFE—

WIFE—I wish, Corbett, I could write that word with a steadier hand—are happy. I leave them in the arms of each other. I——

——Oh Corbett, Corbett, I will set off for England without delay!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

I KNOW your character, and will give you another opportunity to gratify it; for I will offer you an occasion to oblige me. I have for
Vol. III. M some

some time felt myself extremely indisposed, not I believe in consequence of agitated spirits or of my late fatigues in nursing the dear Henry, whom Heaven has restored to my solicitude and my affections, but from some *other* cause which feels more internal. I have not dared to breathe this matter to Henry, and indeed the satisfaction which I receive in seeing him well, and you—O my generous friend—happy, would incline me still to silence, were not my pains growing so strong that I cannot any longer conceal them. A little, however, of that kind ministration which your skilful judgment knows so well how to bestow, and whose good effects I have already so frequently experienced,

experienced, will, I dare say, set all right again. Give me your advice in confidence, and without delay. Blessings attend your gentle heart and noble nature.

EMMA.

LETTER CXXXIX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

MY baggage was prepared, the wind was fair, the war would not have prevented me from setting out for England, and yet I am delayed. Human happiness shifts from point to point of her compass, and is never fixed.

M 2

Emma

Emma is again indisposed.

You must not expect me.

IN CONTINUATION.

Unhappy Corbett, when will fate cease to persecute your family, or to torture your friend? I tremble at the symptoms which discover themselves in Emma.

Yet do not despair. I may be deceived. We have long experienced the healing hand! remember this, and be still.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXL.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

OH my wife, my wife—the treasure of my existence! Leave her not, Sir Robert—leave her not a moment. Long has she concealed her misery from a wretch who is fated by every means to distress her.

Yes, Sir Robert, I and only I have murdered her. I am the accursed cause. Come to me, I conjure you, this moment. To what am I reserved! Is this my happiness—these the joys of possessing Emma—the great the glorious Emma? Are six months of bliss SUPREME *thus* to terminate? Oh that I had died—that I

M 3

had

had remained for ever undiscovered—
that I had never, never — On my
knees I beg your aid, your society,
your consolation. Quit your soli-
tude. Reside, lodge, live here. I
send by express. I have orders to
join my regiment again. Curse on
the war! I will have no more to do
with it. Come immediately.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXLI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

MR. Corbett, had it pleased heaven to turn away this bitter cup, or given me a less tender nature, or——

——yet let me not dare to murmur. I am perhaps blaming what is best.

Wretched veteran in sorrow, how shall I explain myself to you—how conceal what must, I foresee, be communicated?

But oh, consider *my* misery; I am upon the spot. I am a spectator of

M 4

the

the scene—I have been behind the awful curtain.

EMMA IS POISONED!

Shall I proceed?

Henry is in the direst parchings of a fever, into which grief, tenderness, and terror, have conspired to throw him.

Oh that barbed and envenomed shaft!—that execrable infection which the lovely lips of the loveliest woman drew from the bosom—the wounded bosom of her husband!

This moment I have opened and read the inclosed——

What-

Whatever be the event, be proud, Corbett, be *enthusiastically proud*, that Heaven made *you* the instrument to produce so much excellence and virtue as shines forth in Emma. I tremble. I adore!

THE INCLOSURE, FROM EMMA.

I SEND this to *your* room, written in *that* of my husband. If you do not join me in my present purpose, his affection will destroy him.

His fever is increased since you left his chamber, but his delirium is less violent. He hath an interval of sense. He has just kissed my cheek: he felt
it

it wet, and wiped off the tear. If I write legibly, come directly, and tell him that I am out of all danger: tell him that the venom is all extracted: that the present appearances are only the natural effects of a stubborn infection passing away: that I shall speedily recover. If you have any friendship for me, induce him to believe this—induce him by your countenance, your voice, your spirits. It may stop the progress of his disorder—it may give it a turn—it may save his precious life. I am appealing to Sir Robert Raymond. I know the friend whom I address. As to myself, I shall do very well. I feel that I shall. I take every thing you prescribe—I obey all the other people
order

order me. I will refuse nothing, if you will but restore my Henry—restore my husband——

Henry is enough himself to enquire what I am about? Asks how I find myself.—I have undrawn the curtain, and assured him of the alteration. He is sensible of it. He frequently clasped his hands, and thanked his God: his BLESSING God!

He calls for you.

Now is the moment. Stay not an instant longer than you have read this. Haste, oh haste, to

EMMA.

I went.

I went. The poor man is piously deceived. Tears of bliss are at this instant coursing along his face. He took my hand. He laid it upon his heart. Let not Emma come too near me (said he) perhaps my disorder may injure her. Tell her I bless her; but let her not approach my breath any more. Oh, Sir Robert, (continued he) you are now a witness to my joy. I feel nothing of my disorder. I am quite well: bear the tidings to my wife. It will assist her recovery. It will make her happy.

I begged him to be composed.

He raved with incoherent joy.

Emma

Emma entered in the height of counterfeited spirits.

Henry was transported, and cried, Emma shall live!

IN CONTINUATION.

The fate of Emma will be slower than the fate of Henry—for Henry, alas, is NO MORE.

He yielded his last breath about eleven o'clock this night.

He died in the arms of Emma.

Emma is this moment on the bed, clasping the breathless body.

Heaven

Heaven thinks fit to make me a witness and a partaker of these calamities, which I relate by events, and not with the circumstances that produced them.

The facts will torture, but the narrative would kill you: poor, beloved, war-despoiled, old man!

I talk not to you of my feelings.

I only know that I would have shortened my own existence many years, to have saved the life of the hapless youth whose corpse is stretch'd under my eye.

This

This may seem unnatural, and found untrue. I am before the Searcher of Hearts, who looks into this deathful apartment. I can firmly appeal to his divine attestation.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have exhausted all words of praise in speaking of your daughter: and yet I cannot conceive a language to do her justice.

She was prevailed upon to leave the room of Henry soon after midnight. Upon seeing me near her as she rose, she burst into tears, and bid me look upon the bed.

It is poor Henry, (said she)—it is the man I fought—the man I found—the man I saved—the man whom Providence lent—but to resume.——

It is my HUSBAND—

Alas! it *was* my husband—I am the widowed Emma.

Be it so. I am not desperate. I am humiliated. It is very hard. I can scarcely bear it. He was extremely young. You cannot think how I loved him, Sir Robert. My heart is ready to break, but I will not repine. I know my duty. Indeed I do. And I will pursue it. You shall see I will, my friend.

Oh,

Oh, Corbett, grief now wholly over-whelmed her, and she fell again upon the bed.

Other duties press on me, said she. I must yet get health to sustain them. I will compose myself.

She was led into another apartment. Her step, her look, her voice, her motion, are not to be described.

EMMA took leave of HENRY. You may image to yourself something like the parting.

IN CONTINUATION.

Henry is in his grave. Emma is not outrageous, but inconsolable.—

Vol. III.

N

Grief

Grief is at her heart. Disease is preying upon her frame. But she does not exalt the murmuring voice against the correcting hand.

I believe in God, said she to me, some time ago. My trials are extreme; but I shall be unworthy to join Henry again, if I sink beneath them.

I feel that I shall die; but wish it to be a distant blow: for, oh, Sir Robert, I have reasons—*such* reasons!

IN CONTINUATION.

Her reasons yet to live cannot any longer be concealed from you, my venerable afflicted!

Your

Your daughter would live to be the parent of that LITTLE ONE with which Henry has left her——

SHE IS WITH CHILD.

The poison will not, I hope——

And yet it is possible that——

——the case is new.

IN CONTINUATION.

Emma has formed another resolution, of which Emma is alone capable.

Thus she spoke:—

N 2

My

My aged father, my distracted Louisa, my dear Henry's sister; oh lead me to them. My medicines may be taken on the sea. In following a virtuous, and heaven-directed affection, I have no idea of peril. Henry is dead, and I have nothing to fear—a friend—a parent lives, and I have yet a little to hope. Oh, Author of Nature, endue me with new force, new patience. Sir Robert, be still yourself, and quit not Emma.

You know my answer.

We are upon our return. Emma is very commodiously situated. She has a cabbin to herself. All that art could do in medicine has been attempted.

It

It is in vain——

——Corbett, she must die.

You will lose your daughter——

Her malady is gradual, but sure—
I dare not flatter you.

IN CONTINUATION.

I went a little while ago into the
cabin, and found your lovely one,
anticipating all the tender providence
of a mother. She was employed in
those soft cares which the prospect—
the very near prospect of her travail
justified.

——a little white robe or wrapper lay on the table finished before her.

——she had begun to plait the cap.

——if these, Sir Robert, (said she) should ever become useful—if I should follow my husband ere I can suckle his child at this faithful bosom, do not forget—I conjure you do not—if the little wretch should live—do not forget to tell it that it was a mother's hand which prepared the mantle that first wrapped its tender form. Tell it, that for its dear sake I would have *lived* had it been possible——

Then pausing a little, she exclaimed—and here is my husband's picture

picture—in that trunk are Emma's letters—yonder is the man's apparel in which I fought for my poor Henry. These legacies of love, (the pledges of a parent's fidelity) I bequeath my child, happen what may. They cannot but be precious. Will they not be valued, think you, Sir Robert?

She perceived that my distress was too great.

Sir Robert Raymond, I glory in your attachment; I glory in your friendship. Had the world contained, or *could* it ever contain, any man in the eyes of Emma, but him who sleeps beneath its surface, it is

not a question who would have captivated her heart.

At what a time was this spoken! Oh, Mr. Corbett, the single sensation of that moment was worth a myriad of vulgar lives.

IN CONTINUATION.

We are landed. Emma lives.—
We send this by the post, which is just setting out. It will reach you some hours before we shall. I write to prevent surprizes. For Heaven's sake, exert yourself to meet your daughter. Let me prepare you for her appearance. Be not too much alarmed at her languor. You must
not

not expect to see the bloom in her cheek, the lustre in her eye, nor her proportion of limbs, so exactly formed or furnished; yet she is truly touching, truly lovely.

I am myself much changed: but, indeed, my friend, I shall be, to the latest moment of my existence,

Unalterably Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

L E T T E R CXLII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ,

THE inclosed rough draught of letters will enable you, oh my friend, to trace the vestiges of some unhappy human beings since their departure from London to their return.

At present, fortune seems to continue our wretchedness by means the most complicate and inventive.

Two hours ago we arrived at the house of the unfortunate Corbett. It was with the utmost difficulty his daughter reached town.

The

The first object that struck her was a HEARSE standing close beside her father's door. In the passage she beheld the undertakers bearing a coffin down stairs. The woe-worn Corbett was supported between two servants, to take his last mournful leave of the friend whose remains were about to be deposited. He could not move. He had not received my letter from Portsmouth, dispatched three days before. It had been mis-sent. The letter did not come to hand till two hours after our arrival. He was not PREPARED to receive us.

Our chaise drew up still closer. Emma rushed out.—The poor old man—the daughter,——

—We

—We are not provided with a language to express these horrors.—

Almost an hour the child and parent remained speechless—it was surprise and agony, at once dumb and dreadful.

The hearse waited. The coffin was placed in it, and shut up.

The bell is at this instant tolling for poor LOUISA: The sexton is come to tell the attendants that the clergyman is waiting. Wretched wife of Edward! She died distracted. The hearse is driving off.

What

What a house is here! Alas, it has long and truly been the house of mourning!

Corbett and Emma are still together in the next room to that in which I write. The servants look amazement and dismay.

I hear, methinks, the voice of my aged associate in friendship and in sorrow. I am called suddenly and hastily——

Oh friend, oh Berkley: to what am I reserved! A PREMATURE LABOUR has been brought on by hurry, agitation, and fatigue. This morning's sun sees Emma the mother of a
living

living child.—The poison seems not to have been in the least degree communicated to this precious pledge. It is a female.

Alas ! Emma would leap for joy at this circumstance ; she would forget awhile her woes in viewing the babe whom Henry had bequeathed. She would present it with some testimony of maternal transport to her drooping father. But that—even Henry's offspring can no longer soothe—for
EMMA CORBETT IS DEAD.

Her death instantly succeeded the pangs of the birth. It happened at midnight. Her frame must have dropped in consequence of the venom,

nom, which resisted the force and subtilty of all application. Soon—too soon—would the fair victim of constancy have sunk to the tomb; but these precipitating agonies added to the rest—oh, they were too much. She fell before them.

In the expiring moment she called me to her—“ ’Tis Emma’s infant: take it, said she: it is a parting gift—I *can* no more——my father—my poor father!”——

She dropped upon the pillow, from which she twice vainly endeavoured to raise her head, and lift her eye to the objects about her——THEN
BREATHED HER LAST.

Thus

Thus lived, and thus died, the most faithful and beautiful of women.

Charles Corbett stands fixed over the corpse of his daughter.

The old man is now bereft of all!
“I am childless, Sir Robert, (he exclaims)—Behold what CIVIL WAR has done for me.”——

Berkley, I have kissed the clay-cold lips—I have pressed the clay-cold hand. On that bed—that very bed——

——but I dare not indulge reflection. *Pierced* as I am, I would fain preserve a decent sorrow. Ah that I
were

were in my grave! Impious wish!
Is there a single point of space in
the petty allotment of man, in which
something important is not to be
done?

Yon aged forlorn one, now weep-
ing over his child, looks up to me
alone for something which resembles
comfort, during the wretched residue
of life.

The funeral obsequies of Emma
are yet to be performed——

The widow of Edward hath left a
son——

The widow of Henry a daughter——

Vol. III.

O

I will

I will not die till Heaven's appointed hour: I have much occasion still for life.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXLIII.

TO THE SAME.

I AM just come from the most agonizing ceremony, oh Frederick, that can possibly pass under the eye of man!—May you never feel what otherwise you can never know! Easy in your fortunes, quiet in your situation, unconnected in your interests,
you

you can, happily for you, have no conception—at least no perfect one—of that rend in the heart which is made by death, when youth, innocence, and beauty, are committed to the dust—when the parent hangs his drooping head over the last sad mansion—when the orphans——

What have I said? Youth, innocence, and beauty!—and do *all* these then go down to the earth's cold bosom? Shall none of them ascend? The gloom of the soul carries sensation almost into sin! They shall *ALL* ascend! The *one* shall ensure everlasting existence to the *others*. Innocence shall immortalize beauty and youth.

O 2

I am

I am reasoning with an almost breaking heart, Berkley; while poor old Corbett, the survivor of his family, in all the solemn pathos of grief, forgets every pain of body, nursing that which is seated within.

The romance of youth may teach you to expect that I should summon to my assistance every infernal power—that I should tax heaven itself with cruelty, and take refuge from altercating man, amidst the friendly concealment of impenetrable woods. This may, perhaps, answer the purpose of the novelist, but it corresponds not with the nature of your friend. No, Berkley. It is not in a moment like this that the truly touched and truly tender
indulge

indulge themselves in outrage. The first burst is past: that which began with loudness, with vehemence, and with vociferation, settles into the still, the solemn, and the affecting. The temper, stormy and headstrong, of Corbett himself, terminates in the eloquence of dumb distress.

The tears fall fast from me as I write. More *impetuous* periods I have felt: so *awful* and so *affecting* a crisis, never. You, who knew not Emma, and have not a regular though you have a worthy heart, cannot know what I have lost. The manner of her death—the motive—and the whole tenour of circumstances connected with it, throw over every passage of

the scene, a colour so movingly sad, that I sit wonder-struck in the room, and seem almost in my grave, with the world about me.

I have exerted myself to say thus much at the winding up of this solemn catastrophe, lest you, my dear Berkley, or any other person, into whose hands these incidents may fall, should presume to question the ways of ALMIGHTY GOD, which are justifiable in every part of this pathetic story. Erroneous notions of punishment and reward are perhaps the leading steps to irreligion and infidelity.

The

The vile herd of novellists have done an essential injury to the cause of virtue, by sacrificing to the pleasure of the reader beyond the simplicity of truth. Difficulty, in the beginning of a narrative; love, in the middle; and marriage, at the end, make up, almost invariably, the recipe of a modern romance. This is called rewarding virtue; a bad character or two, perhaps, drops off, and that is called punishing vice. False, foolish, conclusion!

Look into life. Doth not heaven's blessed beam shine equally on the just and the unjust? Are all rewards so mechanically contrived? Hath virtue no joys of her *own*?—joys, which

O 4

generous

8

generous sorrow only can produce? Is the sacred struggle of a good man *altogether afflictive*? To pass through a road perplexed and thorny—to travel through an hard and difficult life, without tearing the finer principles from the heart, doth it require no better conduct than moves in the machinery of those contemptible pages where all is given up to lettered art, and distorted imagination? Are there no sweets in the pensive sigh—the pious tear? Break they from the mourner without offering him *any* balm? Hath heaven-born constancy no comforts? Consider the life of Emma! Hath death, at once virtuous and christian, nothing to lift the survivor's

survivor's spirit above every care of vulgar being?

Oh Frederick, I am touched by a very tender example. In lamenting as I *now* lament, say, my friend, are there *no* dear and welcome mitigations? Yes, I feel—I *feel* that there are. Would I part with this generous grief? Ah no! What would I take in exchange?—The universe should not buy it from me. I even anticipate the holy satisfaction, when I shall steal from the shout and strife of society to the tomb of a virtuous woman. Think you I love her less because I no more shall see her? Hath she suffered in my esteem *by her ascension into heaven?* Shall she
lose

lose as an angel, what she acquired as a mortal? I love her better. The Omnipotent placed her in the path of my life, to fix and concentrate the best of passions. I am not of disposition or age to change again.

Oh that the daughter of Emma may live! Shall I be content with a parent's *common* duty—to cloathe, to feed, to educate? Consider, Berkley, *whose* babe it is!

I have hurried down stairs to examine my treasure!

——it lives, it sleeps. I have felt its gentle breath on my cheek.

God

God will spare it. *Louisa's* orphan too is mine. *Corbett* too shall live. I have moved towards his bed-side often since I began to write. His face is hid—he will not yet endure existence, but the hours of resignation are at hand.

I conjure you then Berkley, to *settle* your opinions about Providence.—Bring your piety to a point. Cultivate your tendernefs. Love, like Emma; and if you meet with *such* a disappointment, do not *transfer* your affection, but turn it to a generous account. The *vulgar* effect of tender distress is dissipation or despair. Had *I* yielded to these, a poor old man would have wanted a friend; two
lovely

lovely infants, a parent; and I, the self-approving *bosom-ray*, which cheers my spirit in this vale of sorrow. *Circumscribe* not, therefore, the rewards of Heaven.

The writer of a romance would paint me as a wretch without hope, who calls down the stroke of fate in pity to his aid. Attend *you* to the reality, my friend; and behold a man who wishes still to live; and who thinks himself rewarded.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXLIV.

TO THE SAME.

WE are removed to Castleberry. Oh, it was a gloomy and mournful greeting that I paid it!— Every tree, every book, every chair, appeared before me as the *spectre of a buried joy*. Emma enters the bosom, and touches at a thousand points.— Yet even in *this* woe, there is a mixture of sweetness. I would not be without it. The mad metropolis, I am told, is just illuminated for success in battle. The house of Corbett is an example of the reasons *either* party have to rejoice on this, or on any similar occasion. It is not an enemy that
hath

hath done this great mischief—it is, we may truly say, our late familiar friend.

I enter the metropolis no more. A few years only can be mine. They shall be engaged in reconciling my poor dear Corbett to life, on Heaven's own terms, and preparing for age a peaceful pillow, for infancy a nursing cradle. Berkley, congratulate me! My children are both well. The bounty of the Almighty is upon me.

Oh friend, receive my cordial blessing: let your heart be kind, your life be pure, and——farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXLV.

TO THE SAME.

IN the close of our correspondence on this subject, receive the tribute of a tender, tearful moment—receive an Epitaph for Emma's marble.

The *little* Emma will, I fondly fancy, resemble her cherub mother: at least, I am hourly shaping her lovely features into imaginary similitude; and when affection is looking for a likeness, she either finds or forms it.

But whatever be the *exterior* of this dear, *dear* legacy, oh may her
mind

mind take its colour from the parent ;
and Emma, who is in heaven, again
give lustre to earth in the virtues of
her child.

Adieu !

ROBERT RAYMOND.

INSCRIP.

I N S C R I P T I O N *

F O R T H E

M O N U M E N T O F E M M A .

A H pass not yet. If thou dost ever know
The tenderest touches of impassion'd woe!
Pass not: if Truth, and Fortitude, and Love,
Can stay thy footsteps, or thy spirit move!
Pass not: if every elegance of soul
Can charm thy senses, or thy steps controul,
Pass not: if more than Roman virtue, here
With more than female softness, claim the tear.
Nor pass, if heaven-born sympathy have art
To urge the thrilling pulses of thy heart.

But

* The Author of Emma Corbett is indebted for this
monumental tribute to an elegant and tender friend.

But if, nor suffering worth thy soul can move,
Nor the sweet impulse of a generous love ;
If fortitude, with glowing beauty join'd,
Knows not the power to captivate thy mind ;
If health, if joy, devoted to the tomb,
If life, laid down to ward a lover's doom ;
If patience, perseverance, ardour, truth,
Blended with every charm of female youth ;
If these, and every virtue, every grace,
Want power to melt the soul upon thy face :
Then quickly pass—this hallowed spot forbear !
THE FEELING HEART ALONE SHOULD TARRY HERE.

THE END.

6 MA 50